Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew hauing don me wrong, doth cause me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worshipp: and my sute is——

Lan. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worshipp shal know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute,
Shylocke thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my master *Shylock* and you sir, You haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well. Go Father with thy sonne,
Take leaue of thy old master, and enquire
My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuery
More garded then his fellowes, see it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I ha nere a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vppon a booke, I shall haue good fortune. Go too, heere's a simple line of life, here's a smal trifle of wiues: Alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, eleuen VViddowes and nine maids, is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are simple scapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, shee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Returne

Returne in hast, for I do feast to night,
My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeuors shall be done heerein. *Exit*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio.*

Bass. Gratiano?

Gra. I haue a sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to *Belmont.*

Bass. Why then you must. But heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they shew
Something too lib'rall: prethee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wilde behauiour
I be misconstred in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me:
If I do not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is saying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Bass. No that were pitty,
I would entreate you rather to put on

Your